SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

Amusements To-day. Booth's Theatre-Marias.—Hamlet. Evening—Guy Manu Eryant's Minstrels—aboo Fly. I lith Avenue Theatre—Surf. Matines. Crand Opers House—David Garrick. Matines. Erving Hall—Kate Field. "Among the Adiracticks." Atbio's Garden Fechier. New York Circus New York Circus Trouw. Matines. Olympic Theatre - G. L. Fog in two great characters. Matines an Francisco Minstrela, 585 Brindway, he Tammany—lad in sey, he. Milipee. Wallack a Matines—Ours. Evening—School for Scandal. Nood's Museum—Lain, to Blander &c. Matiner.

News from a Friend of Spanish Tyranny. Our Span sh Secretary of State now appeals to the public through the columns of the World. That journal has always been an enemy of Cuban liberty, and an ally of the hired Spanish counsel, whose family relatiouship to the Secretary of State has lately been attended by circumstances so

discreditable to the Government and the people of the United States. Accordingly, it is quite natural that the World should give much preminence to anything that the Secretary may desire to say in his own de-Mr. Fish states-he does not write under his own name, but anonymously-that there is now no war in Cuba "of sufficient magni-

tude to warrant the recognition of both parties to it as belligerents." "The insurrection has at no period been thoroughly organized and powerful." "The venture was regretted by a large body of wealthy and influential Cubans who have never given the movement enthusiastic aid." All of which is as truly Spanish as if it had proceeded directly from an agent of the Spanish Government, and not from the father-in-law of such an agent.

But fortunately for the truth, the real state of the case in Cuba is set forth in the World at the very side of all this falsehood. On the very same page with Mr. Fish's manifesto, the correspondent of that journal at Havana characterizes the recent repulse of Gen. Puello's army in its attempt upon Guaimaro and Sibanich as "a hard blow to the Spaniards, and the most important victory of the war for the Cubans."

The same writer describes a recent battle near Las Tunas as "the hardest fighting of this war, some of it surpassing in its bloody results the most stubborn contests in the late American civil war." The combat on this occasion lasted during three days, the object contended for being a Spanish convoy of provisions. The narrative of the correspondent is very impressive:

"The battalion of España, in the march to Las Tunas, formed the advance guard of the Spanish expedition, and experienced losses that I will now ever were never experienced by any Federal or Confederate regiment in a three days' figst. Out of some thirty officers and a full complement of sergrants, it lost them all, either killed or wounded, save one, Lieut. CRISTOBAL AFAU, of the first company. This is unprecedented, I believe. At least, during my four and a half years' active service in the American civil war, I heard of nothing in the way of Federal or Confederate losses to equal it. The beaviest loss in officers during that war for a single battle of one, two, or three days' duration that I know of, was that of a regiment at the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg), which had twenty-four officers killed and wounded out of twenty-seven and came out with a few of its sergeants unharmed while the Spanish battalion, renember, had all of its officers and sergeants either killed or wounded. Or course, it necessarily follows that the battalion lost at the same time a very large proportion of its

corporals and privates." This is the sort of belligerency which Mr. FISH-speaking the sentiments not of the n people, but of Spanish slave tra ders and oppressors-pronounces insufficient to "warrant recognition of both parties as belligerents." It is not enough for him that here is an American people, our friends and neighbors, struggling for liberty and independence in a way described by their enemies as the World describes this battle. This will not satisfy the requirements of this American Secretary of State, administering his office in the interest of Spanish tyranny. Indeed, we don't know what it is that Mr. Fish requires of the Cubans-or rather we do know. He would have them lay down their arms, submit patiently to the intolerable wrongs which Spain has for centuries inflicted on their beautiful island, consent to the redstablishment of slavery and the slave trade, bow their necks to the yoke, and pray forgiveness from their tyrants. That would probably satisfy the

inmost soul of any Spanish agent whatever.

But we can tell Mr. Fisii that he is doomed to bitter disappointment. The war in Cuba will cont nue till his allies, the Spanish slave traders, are driven from American soil. The bankrupt rulers of Spain are now making their last effort there. Their exhausted treasury cannot be forced to pay the expenses of sending troops to Cuba in the place of those now so rapidly consumed. Of the loan which they sold last year for fourteen cents on the dollar-fifty millions of obligations yielding nominally but seven millions in cash-only one-quarter has really been disposed of. They cannot borrow another cent anywhere in Europe. The reve nucs of the Spanish Treasury have not since the revolution paid one half the daily ex penses of the Spanish Government. In short, the subjugation of Cuba by Spain is impossible, much more so than was the saljugation of the United States by England in 1782. The present is the last serious campaign of the Culan war; and notwithstanding the powerful aid which Mr. SIDNEY WEBSTER Mr. FISH, Mr. SUMNER, and Gen. GRANT have given to the cause of Spain and slavery. but one result is now possible. Cula will be independent, through the efforts of her own sons; and the United States will bear the shame of having opposed instead of ald ing so glorious a work, and will bear it in

Will the British Colonies be Cast Off ? It is impossible to ignore the fact that the traditional policy of England toward her colonies is undergoing a radical change. The leading statesmen of the ruling party make no secret of their conviction that the colonies are no longer a source of strength to the mother country. Instead of being a benefit to her, they are an injury, and they must be separated as soon as may be. This sentiment is expressed alike by members of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet and by their deputies in the colonies. Thus, soon after Sir John as Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion and taken his sent as the gar

chief representative of royalty in North America, he found occasion to inform that embryo nation that it already had "its destinies in its own hands, and its statesmen and people are recognized as competent to judge of their interests, and of what course to pursue to reconcile those interests." "England," continued the Governor General, "looked to them for her guidance; and whatever their decision might be, whether to continue their present connection, or in due time to exchange it for some other form of alliance," "the good faith and intelligence of England will be prepared to accede to their wishes." This was speaking plainly enough; but to make everything certain, his Excellency went on to declare that "the choice of this measure rested entirely with the people and statesmen of Canada."

These assurances alone would suffice to prove the liberal intentions of the present British Government. But this new policy will not be carried into effect without struggle. The Tory leaders in England, perceiving the timidity, incompetence, and confusion which have from the first prevailed in Canada, are taking advantage of it to organize in England and in Parliament an active if not a strong opposition avainst the change proposed. The London Times, the weathercock of English public opinion, which for a time advocated the ideas of the Gladstone Cabinet, is already veering away in a different direction; and Earl GRAN VILLE, the Colonial Minister, while he asserts that England "will never attempt to retain the colonics by brute force," still hesitates, and resorts to ambiguity where he ought to speak decisively.

On the other hand, Sir Grover Grey himself repeatedly a Colonial Governor under a Tory Administration, proclaims that "the breaking up of England's colonial empire will be a calamity to both the colonies and the mother country." Sir GEORGE. however, admits that the present policy "is no doubt in accordance with what is now the prevailing opinion in Parliament;" but he evidently thinks that this Parliamentary opinion can be made to change, if it can be clearly shown that the colonists themselves are not prepared for the responsibilities of an independent national existence. On this ground it is not improbable that a considera ble party may be rallied in England. The sentimental motives of resistance to so great a change as the dismemberment of the empire must be of considerable cogency; and already we see no less a writer than Mr FROUDE coming forward to make them avail able. It is also argued that the colonies must be preserved as places of resort for emigration; though it is difficult to understand how a colony is more attractive to an emigrant than an independent country; and those who dwell upon the usefulness of colo uies for this purpose can never have beheld the hundreds of thousands of British emigrants who go to Canada intending to stay there, but who make of it only a resting place on their way to the United States.

The struggle of the Tories for the reten tion of the colonies will probably end very much like the effort of the Canadians to build a Pacific railroad upon a line where Nature has rendered the attempt impracti-

The Disreputable Times Embarrassed. The disreputable New York Times of yes terday contained an elaborate leader, one of the leading objects of which seemed to be the denunciation of Judge BARNARD.

And what is the ground of complaint in the Times? We will give it in the writer's his hat, and made quite a point of bowing to his own words. "We cannot," says the disreputable Times, "keep a house of infamy and expect to be free from reproach."

That is true, undoubtedly; but what has Judge BARNARD to do with it? Keeping a house of infamy and publishing a paper so disreputable as the Times are, it is true, kindred pursuits; but that is not the fault of Judge BARNARD.

We believe the Judge did once refer, on the bench, to some loose relations which had been maintained by some one who had been connected with the disreputable Times, but only incidentally; and if the disreputable Times has no graver charge to bring against a Judge, we submit that it had better be silent.

This mild winter weather which we are enjoying so much threatens to have bad conse quences in more ways than one. The supply of ice for the coming summer will probably be rea dered deficient by it, or if it should be followed by good freezing weather, great injury will be done to fruit trees and other kinds of vegetation which are now prematurely budding in'o life. But a more serious matter is the effect on the lumber trade. Millions of feet of logs and sawed timber are lying in the forests of New Hampshire and Maine, awaiting the fall of enough snow to enable them to be houled to market. The oxen and teams recently employed in the work are cating their heads off in their stables; teamsters are idle, and the owners of the lumber are unable to get the money they need to meet their obliga tions with, because their property is not salable where it lies. A foot of snow in that region just now would be worth \$30,000,000, or \$2,500, 00 an iach, so great are the pecuniary interests

No representative of the French Emperor has been invited by the British Minister to the Prince ARTHUR dinner parties, for the simple reason that the legation of Rocheront's antagonist at Washington has been without a chief for nearly a whole year. If Mr. Fisu's energy had not been altogether absorbed in giving aid and comfort to Spain, he would have had enough of that article left to recall Mr. WASHBURNE from Paris. leaving our legation in that city in the same condition in which Bonspante leaves his in this country. The idea of the United States sustain ng chiefs of legation in foreign countries while these latter persist in palming off upon us juve nile secretaries, officiating as Charges d'Affaires is preposterous, and would not have been tolerated for one single moment under a really

American Administration. But considering that the present Administraion is essentially European, and not American, the country must not be surprised at any amount of humiliation which Mr. Fish is ready to undergo, with a most courtly bow, from even the most insignificant of European courts.

We learn that Mr. BLACQUE, the Turkish Minister at Washington, has recently purchased upward of 400,000 stands of arms, and a large quantity of machinery for making and altering arms, all of which has been shipped to Turkey. Indeed, we are told that he has expended over \$5,000,000 in the United States during the past Young had received his appointment six months. Turkey does not wish to depend upon Europe for her war supplies. The reornization of her Government upon a progres-

sive and liberal basis, with absolute freedom of religion, and her manifest purpose to place her self in line with the more advanced nations of Europe, call for a friendly appreciation upon the part of the United States.

A strange story is going the rounds of the French papers about a certain bill of exchange for 100,000 francs, which it is said the mistress of the Paraguayan Dictator, Lopez, extorted from a certain Scotchman, Dr. STEWART, while he was a prisoner in Paraguay. The woman is described as Irish by birth, and bearing the name of ELOISI LYNCH. She threatened—so the story goes—to have Dr. STEWART shot if he did not sign the bill. Fortunately, after complying with her demand, the Doctor escaped, and got back to Scotland, where he brought suit to have the bill cancelled, and succeeded.

The conspicuous homage paid by the Rus sians to Count DARU, the new French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, must be wormwood and gall to NAPOLEON III., considering that DART is an outand-out Orleanist. To praise him is like slapping BONAPARTE in the face. Possibly the Czar may think that the moment is opportune for wreaking revenge upon BONAPARTE's instigation of the Crimean war.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's Minstrels. Sin: The Rev. Dr. Cuyler did the cause of morality good service when calling attention to the nixture of jokes. &c., the perpetration of which a certain Brooklyn preacher seems to delight in. in ecent number of the Evangelist. The City of brough the use of its pulpit as a place from which Imagine a Presbyterian minister saying to the youth of his Church, as did Mr. T. De Witt Talmage from the public or his Church a few days ago:

"I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star."

Such a quotation from a negro minstrel song, which ridicules the words of Jesus Christ, may be "just the thing" for one of Mr. Taimage's lectures, which he finds time to give all over the country where the people have money enough to have accuss ticket, but is it "the thing" for a minister? Why, you would not catch Fred, Douglass acting so, As Eugle correspondent, who tries to defend Mr. T. from a just criticism, by alluding to the samitary Fair welding, overlooks the fact that Mr. Cuyler has never disgraced the pulpit of his church by acting the clown in it, so that his hearers did not know whether he was giving them a sermon, "I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star." church by acting the clown in it, so that his hearended not know whether he was giving them a section a lecture, or a "bloo Fly" performance. I have set under Mr. Cuyler's preaching many years, and would as soon expect to see the heavens fall as a hear him make use of a negro sonz. "Stoo Fly' in the city of churches! Those who can't afford to to thodes's Minstrels can get up a haigh if clurch tree gratis for nothing. I tope Dr. Cuyler and all other Brooking preachers who do not was to see their ministry degraded, will cry out against to see their ministry degraded, will cry out agains those who would degrade it. I suppose they sing "Shoo Fly" in Mr. Talmage's Sunday school.

DECENCY.

the Arions were to sing the "Der Freischütz." This Club is dear to the souls of our German f-llow eltizens, so is Der Freischhiz-peer, woeful Max, crossed in love, has their utmost vity, while the grim Cespar, with his magic bullets and dealings with the cvil one, is to them the embodiment of th romantic and the delightfully sensational. What wonder then that "Freischütz" and the Arions toecther should create an excitement.

The matter has been the staple of German town talk for the last two months. The buzz of expecta non has been heard in all the lager-beer saloons: the very German barbers, especially those who belong to the Club, talk of it while they shave one, and the est fraus and frauleins naturally partake of the general enthusiasm. It need therefore scarcely be said that the Academy was full last evening. Man and Moritz, and Adolph, and Gustav, and Heinrich were there with Aennehen, and Gretchen, and Katrina, and Wilhelmina, and all the rest. The German anging societies, of course, were also there to hea ow it would fare with their comrades in song. Men of the Toutonia and the Germania, the Schiller-bund and the Mozartverein, stood about in anxious and critical groups discussing the situation.

Among them were seen the grim men of the Leider-kranz, the great rivals of the Arions, not overmxious perhaps for the success of the affair.

It was an audience that felt that the opera was a family matter, in which it was almost as much concerned as those on the stage-a feeling that the chorus partook of, as was illustrated by one fellow who, in marching around in the procession, took off friends in the audience

It was also a musical audience, and knew what was what; smiling,patronizing,and friendly approval when a thing was particularly well done, and growl ing and shrugging its shoulders at false notes. It was an exclamatory audience, and during the pauses in the music expressed its opinions with much free dom. "Ach Himmell!" "Das ist goetslich!" "Er hat das ausgezeignet gesungen !" and similar expressions resounded on every side. It was quite like the veritable "faderland." The centre of in terest was of course the chorus, and that seemed to excite the enthusiasm of all and to satisfy every expectation. The audience vented its delight in the deepest octo-svilable gutturals. "Himmlisch" and "Unuebertrefflich," were the mildest forms of expression that were used. At the close of the choruses there was always a double round of applause. Next in interest to the chorns singing was doubtless the tenor, Mr. dus, a man to whom the society has long looked up with pride as a first tenor the like of whom not to be found in the ranks of any other of the Ger. man singing societies. This gentieman is an amatour, and for an amateur to attempt so important die as that of Max, is an undertaking of no slight agaitude. The result certainly has shown that possesses no special fitness for it. As a singer his deficiencies are many and great. Of the art of phrasing, without which no man can hope has no conception whatever. The more quality of his voice is good, but incapable of any dramatic power or of the expression of any emotion. He sings in a lifeless way, almost always mezzo-forte. He seems also to lack the power of enlarging his tone, and is as innocent of crescendo as an octave flute. Nor does he make into his action, for in this direction he is feebler even than Brignoil. That gentleman, wooden as he as, had spasms of activity, but Mr. Candidus is

as tame as a lay figure.

Much was promised and looked for in the way of seenic effect in the wolf glen scene, but the same old Reman candle and owl story was rehearsed again. with the effect of making the audience laugh only There was an abundance of flowers passed upon the stage, but most bunglingly, and always at the wrong coment. In fact, the management of the affair come to have been simplify conflucted in very many especies. There was a lack of ushers, and person-and difficulty in finding their seats.

had difficulty in finding their seats.

The openaln sever, i respects was well cast. Mme. Frederics and very well for those who are not particular as to a semi-tone or so in the matter of pitch. Mr. Apichaum, a tail gentleman in red who corresponded the cvit one, evidently had a very poor idea of the d wi, for he suicked about the stage like a demanted flomingo, making the tart simply grotesque instead of safarie. In lact there was an air of amatterishness whout the whole opera that was very perceptible and not altogether artistic.

Other Amusements.

Other Amesoments,

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, supported by an
excellent company, give a performance of "Don.bey
and Son," and the personation farce of "Misschiccous Aonie," at the Brookin, Academy of Music on
Fuesday (vaning next. Mr. Florence's Capt. Cuttle
augusts a clever and agreeable reminiscence of
button's famous personation of the same character,
and Mrs. Florence is capital in the sprightly role of
Susan Nipper.

Sugan Alpher.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic,—The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn gives a very interesting concert at the Academy of Mase, in that city, this evening. The programme consists of Mendelssohn's lovely Society symphony, a reminiscence of his travel in that country, and infused with the spirit and characteristics of the Scotch people; the Tannhanser overture, Spontini's overture to the "Vesule," and Choom's beautiful F minor concerts for planeforte and orchestra—the same trat Mr. Mills played at our last New York Philharmonic concert, and which, on this occasion, is to be interreted by Mr. Charles H. Jarvis, of Philadelinhia. This gratterma also played last winter in this city, but then upon so poor an instrument that he was heard to no advantage.

A funny story is going around at the expense of the it. in first Poincioy. He avoided that he had once worsed alonealite a before otherwise the response as American critices of African or the same thereone is a American critices of African the the printer and that he mades. Only to say that he is the printer and that he wishes Brick would pay \$2.70 borrowed morey, which the nearto let them at that time. The jobe is good, but we dare say fictitious.

A GAMECOCK PHILOSOPHER HOW GAME COCKS ARE BRED, FED. TRAINED, AND FOUGHT.

Where the Best Breed of Cocks came from. and where it now is-The Philosophy of Cock-Fighting-Wall Street Men Fond of It-Honest Gambling-How Pious West-chester Capitalists Indulge in their Private Mains, and get Mutually Sold All

Round-The Secrets of the Cockpit.
The oldest cock-fighter in America, with the ingle exception of Jim Sandford of New Orleans, is John Ludlow-Uncle John, as the fancy call him-Hoboken. He is a native Jerseyman, and is to cock-fighting what Hiram Woodruff was to trotting, He has gone beyond his three-score years, and yet is as rosy and vigorons as a man of forty. He has an honest face, a genial nature, a robust frame, a large brain, and an experience of more than balf a century. He knows the game cock clear through, and s familiar with the legends and the literature of tae ock-pit. The cock-pit has its literature. Fortythree years ago, come next May, a poem was inspired by certain gamecocky doings at Tubby Hook, up the North River, which leads off as follows:

Old Theron Cook, of Tubby Hook, He had a game cock rooster; Ano it die fight, one Sunday mgat, With that of Descon Browster.

Of sa'inet the Deacon bet A pair of Sunday preches, That its game cock would theron's knock As ar as he could pitch his

tobacco box, the poet says. The twenty-nine suceding verses are discursive on local affairs in Tubby Hook in the year 1827. The last verse shows how the cocafight was suddenly postponed by Dea con Brewster's wife, who, suspecting something wrong, bunted him down, killed his cock, and led the Descon off in triumph to prayer meeting, thus

Then, with a knock, she fixed the cook

Buch were the Senday evening diversions of Tubby Hook deacons in 1827. Uncle John Ludlow is not ock roosters," and claims to have the finest breed in America. It has taken aim forty years to bring the breed to its present stage of perfection.

WHERE THE GAME BLOOD CAME FROM. "Yes, more than forty years," said Uncle John My father and I have crossed gamecocks more than flity years. First, there were the Soltons and Derbys from England. Then the Muffs from England too-from Devonshire I believe-black hers, and cocks red brown. We crossed with them until we got up a peculiar breed-an American breed, I should call it. Then, an Irish gray cock was brought out from Antrim county, and we crossed with that. Then Jim Sandford brought out another English cock a good many years ago, and I crossed with that. Then a Mr. Mersham brought out a cock and two hens ; I crossed the cock in with mine, and that brought out the Robin Breast breed about twenty years ago.

"Besides these breeds," continued the old veteran, "we had the Pumptons, the Decaturs, and a lot of others. But I've got 'em all down now to No recent musical event has so profoundly lot of others. But I've get 'em all down now to stirred the Tentonic mind as the announcement that three breeds, the White Hacks, the Muffs, and the

What is a White Hack ?" we asked.

"Wnat's a White Hack? Why it's a fowl that cuts out white, and has a white beak and leg."
"What do you mean by 'cutting out white?"

"Here, Jake, hand me one of those White Hacks Now, you see," and Uncle John pulled up the cock's feathers as he spoke, "now you see that he's all white down below don't you, no matter what his for is on top or outside. You clip that fellow and "Yes, I see; now tell me what a Muff is."

"A Muff? Well, here's a Muff." and he took a ock from a barrel as he spoke. "He's got whis kers, you see, and an eye as big as a cherry. Just ook at that eye."

We looked at the eye, and the eye looked at us

with an expression which betokened a courage and self-confidence which nothing but death could abate The wlaskers consisted of a rufile of feathers be ginning under the throat and running up the sides of the head nearly to the eves. He was a beautiful red brown creature, with plamage as glossy and as smooth to the touch as satir.

"Just rub your hand slong his back; he won't hurt you," said Uncle John. "You never felt a bosom that could beat that. Ala't it smoother than eatin ?" We rubbed our hand down the Muff's back; our

opinion coalesced with that of his enthusiastic owner, whom we then asked to show us a Pyle. "Here's a Pyle," he said, taking one from another

barrel; "he's white you see, with a red saddle." The saddle of the Pyle is a spread of red feathers on the back and sides which is somewhat the shape

The cocks are kept in barrels ranged around the oom, only one cock, of course, in a barrel. The arrels are covered with cloths, and a piece of stave about six inches long is cut out of each barrel, a foet or so from the bottom, so the cock can stick his head out whenever he wishes. They are lively creatures, and keep up such a crowing that conver ation in the midst of 25 or 30 of tuem is sometimes unprofitable. Seeing a flock of cocks, here and pullets feeding in the street, in front of the house, we asked Uncle John if he allowed them to run that way day and night, and on being told that he did, we exclaimed.

"Why, I should think they would be stelen!" "Stolen I" he responded; "no sir; nobody ein catch 'em; they fly like birds. They won't run away either. They are more affectionate and stay nearer the door than other fowls, too. They like to stay at home. They're quiet creatures; not ill-tempered; don't scratch; but they'll fight any timewill fight a buildog." "Will the hens fight?" we asked.

"I guess they will; they'll fight till they die-fight just like cocks, especially when they're just about caving their chickens. I have to separate them then. But they're handsome creatures, though; just look at them. They're the handsomest bird that flies, or that walks either."

We did look at them, and we agreed with Uncle John tast they were superbly handsome.

A QUEER MUFF HEN. "Do you see that Muff ben there?" he asked, and then added, "She's a beauty, aint she? But she's a queer creature; she always throws Pyles." Throws Pyles!" we exclaimed, "Wnat do you mean? How does she throw them?

" Why, her chickens are always Pyle chickens, though she's a Muff, and runs with a Muff coel She's had a strong Pyle strain of blood in her line, away back somewhere, and she breeds back to it just as a thoroughbred horse or mare sometimes breeds back to an ancester, or to a strain of blood, BOW TO PICK OUT A WINNER.

As we returned to the room in which the cocks are kept barrelled, we said to Uncle John : "Suppose you had to select a cock from among fifty to fight for a thousand dollars, how would you do it? What would decide your choice?

"I would choose a Muff-one of this kind," and he took a handsome bird from a barrel, and setting him before us, remarked, "You see he has his whiskers shaved off. That's the best breed in America, and it has the call [preferred] over all others. That would be the kind I should choose to state my

But suppose the cocks were all Muds, and you had to select one out of fitty, how would you do it?" "That would be a big choice. I should do it by andling them-feeling their weight and flesh-seeng if their muscles were hard; and then, after that, by putting the boxing gloves on them, and sceing them spar, and so finding out which was the hardest hitter; also, seeing which picked the best, and had

"Hold on!" we exclaimed; "we want some ex clanations here. What do you mean by putting loves on them, and setting them sparring?"

"I mean just what I say. Here are the gloves, or buckskin pads of peculiar make, about an inch wide, and two inches long. "You see," he continued, we the these on over the stumps of their spurs the spurs are cut off, leaving a stump less than an inch long, and about as big round as a pipe steml, and then let them spar with one another. Bo you see that hole in that gleve? Well, that's where one of my cox so such see that hole in that gleve? Well, that's where one of my cox six streks to hard that he drove the stamp of his sour right into it. That was an awful blow." "Now, about the mouth. What do you mean by 'picking' and seeing which has the best mouth."

"I mean, which is most walture and amplition, which is mouth, which is most walture and amplition, which is month, which is most walking and ambitions, which grabs the readiest wherever he can-grabs hea-neck, tail, back, or snywhere." HOW AN INTELLIGENT COCK SOMETIMES PINISHES

HIS ASTAGONIST. " Does a cock ever show intelligence and judg-

ment in these matters, and seem to exercise reason as to where and how to take hold?"

"Yes, some of them do; but I guess it's instinct. They seem to know that the head is the best place to work at. Here, Jake, hold this fellow. Now, you see," and he took the cook (which Jake vis holding) by the under side of its neck with his thimb and therer, and ruled its head gradually out ward as he spoke—"you see, sometimes a cook that is getting kind a worn down in the fight, and be it is to feel that he must fluish things, will eaten the other by the neet so, and pull his heat out and out and out in this way, and then suddenly let co and strike both spurs right through his head or neck and kill him dead."

"Sometimes a cook will eateh his opponent by the

"Sometimes a cock will enteh his opponent by the

the battle. "You see they fight with these steel spars which are tied on their stumps with wated ends. An inch and a half is the regulation length of spars, but they may be any length agreed upon—sometimes as much as three and a half or four inches. When a cock gets one of them through his head, or full length into his body, it finishes him." THE COCK MUST DEPEND ON NATURAL GENIUS.

"Can you teach a cock these thinrs?" we asked,
"No, you can't exictly teach him, though he
learns something by practice. He must have a natural genus for figuting, and you can't tell by looking
at a cock whether he will fight well or not. Sometimes the ones you think would fight the best won't
fight a bit, and sometimes the ones you think won't
fight a bit, will fight the best. Out of the same
throad some will be good lighters and some won't be

A GAMECOCK'S BEST DAYS.

Two years old coming three is the paimiest period of agamecoca's life. He is then in the fullest flush and vizor of his days, and can fight his eight or nine battless in a season, and orchars win them all, if he mas good luck. We say good luck because experts testiffs that the result of a battle is often the sherrest matter of luck. "If you lay a cock in the pit with his heels up, he'll win one battle in three," is an adaze of the eachpit. The reason of this is sail to be because so much depends on chance blows. An infrior cock in striking out, may chance to give his antagonist a fatal, or at least a disab ing hill, and so, as it were, win the battle by mere luck.

holds out til he is seven years old and fights well at that age.

Making a match.

A match is made with creat particularity, and the agreement is paid with creat particularity, and the agreement is paid with writing. Here is a copy of one:

We, the undersigned agree to fight a main of cocks for \$220\_\infty\$ 100 cach, and for \$20 \infty\$ a hardle—\$10 cach, showing fifteen cocks from four pounds to five penned sour ounces; and all that are matched in the main to fight give and take two ounces. All even weights to be matched first; then give and take the one connec; then give and take the two ounces.

The time, place, and hour of the fight are added, and the instrument is then complete for execution.

A main of cock means a number of cocks. In the above stimulated match the main was to consist of fisteen cocks on a side, making thirty in all. The stakes on the main verse \$200, can corry mating up \$100, and besides that, but on the result of the main, \$20 caths was bet on each separate fight. To win a main a party must win a majority of the battles fought.

In a main of fifteen cocks on a side, there might In a main of fifteen cocks on a side, there might be thirteen battles, in which case the party winning seven of them would win the main and the stakes, which, in the above match, would be \$200. But if one party should happen to have cocks of such superiority that they would win eight buttles in succession, that would give him the main, and would win not only the stakes in the main, but eight \$20 stakes on the eight battles.

The cockelt is from fitten to twenty-one feet in treamference, and is surrounded with a rimer exceabout elytteen inches in hight. The centra of he of its indicated by a mark, and on each side of he centre mark, and about six or eight inches from it, is a line which the rocks have to tor, facing one notier, when they are set for battle. Uncle John

It, is a line which the cociss have to to: facing one another, when they are set for battle. Uncle John does not keep a pit, but he knows a man who does, and to that man we went. He received us courteensiv, and showed up well.

We were rather surpr sed to find the pit carpeted, and asked why it was thus.

"Why, you see," said an attendant, "it gives the cocks a good footing, and don't show blood,"

"Yes it will show blood," we replied; "if you spill blood on it the blood will show,"

"Oh, you don't know authing," was the encouraring response. "You see, when the police mixes a break on us, we just runs out with the cocks and rits up the carpet, and then you have as tidy a floor to show em as tou ever say in your life—ao sign of

"But, suppose the police nunt around and find the carp t, what then?"

"But I test you they don't bust for the carpet. They're as shad to see a tidy floor as you'd be. Their duty is on the side of the law, but their sympathies is with us. They're game chaos, they are, and so's every one as cells himself a gentleman."

"Why, of course it's so. Why should'nt it be so We have all the nobs on our side. 'Taint poor folk that can pay \$5 a ticket to see a cookfight. I know hundred men that breed game chickens an make a living by it, and who do you supports 'em? 'Taint poor folks, is it? rich nobs as we makes our money on—the Wall streechaps, and such. There's a main a dichting up Westeliester county to-day, in a gent's conch-hous as made his fortune in Wall street. They do private, cause many of 'em belongs to the Churc and are 'specially connected; but they do it ofte One of 'em was over to Uncle John's yesterday, and got a couple of the cocks for the main. They'll jest kneek the hads off 'em them Westchester birds." "Was that filr." we asked, "for him to get cocks "Was that f.ir." we asked, "for him to get cocks of Uncle John without letting the other gentleman

of University of course it was. Between you and me, they'd all been over on the sly rad got cocks of Uncle John, each one thinking to get a turn on all the rest, so they'll have some good lightlar no there this afterneon, anyhow. The nobs send to Uncle John from New Haven, and Boston, and Buffalo, and away out West, and away down South, and all over."

What are the prices of gamecoelts?" Well, prices are from \$2 to \$50. Uncle John gets the highest prices, as his cocks have the call over all others. Twentr delars would be single trice as an average. Ten dollars is a fair average

"Who are your principal patrons—what kind of mende you detend on most to fill your pit?" "Well, race-lorse men are the sure ones; the best kind of betting men. You see, cockdutting is houest gambling, and so we have the first-class." "The weight of a cock seems to be a great point

with your cockfighters," we remarked,
"Of course it is. A light cock would stand no
chance with a heavy one, as a rule, although a
soringy five-pound cock might waip a six pound

sering twe-pound cock might waip a six pound loarer."

"What odds in the betting would a difference of a pound in weight make?"

"I would make a big difference. The betting would be a hundred to twenty on a six-bound cock against a five-pound one, other things being equal. If the cocks were under five pounds, a difference of two onnecs would make the betting that ocil h on the heavy one. If over five pounds, they wouldn't const, though it does make a difference with sharp betters."

const, though it does make a difference with solar betters."

"When a main begins, how do they marage to get the cocks evenly natched as to weight?"

"You see they're all wrighed beforehand, and the weights set down on a list. The party that wins the first call—whica to y flips a nearly for—chooses a cock weighing, say five four (he meant five nounds), and four onnees), and calls out to the other party. "Have you got a five four?" The other party then picks out a five four, and they're set in the pit. When that bittle is over, the other party has the call and perhaps he asks for a four-pound brid. The other nearly has the call and perhaps he asks for a four-pound brid. The call and perhaps he asks for a four-pound brid. The call and perhaps he asks for a four-pound brid. The welfarts are used up, and then they give and take the one-ounce odds till they're used up; and then they give and take the two-ounce odds."

CAN'T CREAT IN WEIGHT.

CAN'T CHEAT IN WEIGHT.

"Suppose a man cheats by unsrepresenting the veltor of his cocks?"

"Then he'll get caught and lose his money. The cocks are weighed, on test of scales, in the pit, im-mediately after the tattle, and if one is heavier than he was called, his owner loses the battle and the stakes, even if his cock won. There's no getting around the weight. A man may fight a cock as much under weight as he chooses, but he must stat-the weight in the pit, so the betters may know what the, 're ajaking their maney on.'

the, 're staking their money or.'

ADVANTAGE OF BAVING THE CALL.

"What as vantage is it to a party to have the right to choose the weight of the cocks that are to eight the next battle, or, as you say, to have the end for "Why it's a big advantage. You see each party knows just what his cocks can do. Soy you have a four-pound cock that you know can whip any other tour-pounder a top of the ground. You of course call for a four-pound. And so, every time it is your turn to call, you call for the weight of your best cock, so as to win battles as fast as you can, and so win the train. When it comes to the odd battle, the betting is always heavy."

cock, so as to win battles as fast as you can, and so win the train. When it comes to the old battle, the betting is always heavy."

"What do you mean by the odd battle?"

"Why, suppose there are eleven battles in the main, and you've won five and the other chap has won five; that makes ten and now you've come to the odd one, which is to decide the main. You not be the odd one, which is to decide the main. You not be battle, and the excitement is bich, and the betting runs are high, too. Everybody gets to betting on the odd battle."

WHAT IS CONSIDERED A BIG MAIN. What is considered a Big Main, "What do you consider a big thing in the way coes-fight? I mean as to stakes and number Filteen to twenty cocks on a side, and \$500 to

\$2,000 stakes a side, is a big main, with bets of \$13 to \$500 a side on the battles,"
"What is your admission fee to such a main?"
"Five dollars a ticket. To smaller ones, \$4, \$3, and down to \$2." Not often less than \$2."

"Does skill on the part of the trainer of the cock ells the bird any in the fight?"
"Yes. You see, the rule is that after you've set your cock in the pit, you mus'n't touch him unless you can get a count on him."
"What do you mean by getting a count on him?"
"I mean this: sometimes the cocks stop fighting, and don't even mak at each other. If you see that

your'n has got the worst of it—has been too much crowded or worried in a lover, and you can count ten ster they've stopped picking before they begin to pick again, you can catch your cock up, and reset him at the scratch, and then the other's got to be picked up and reset there too. This gives you time, and if you know how to landle your bird, you can rest him like, and help him. This gives you the count, too."

and if you know how to hander voir out, our trest him like, and help him. This gives you the count, too."

"What is the count?"

"The count's this: When the cocks are reset, as I've said, you having the count, you count ten, with the cocks facing each other. If they don't rick, you count ten again; if they don't rick then, you count ten again; and so you keep on for five counts. On the saxth count you breast the cocks."

"What do you mean by breasting them?"

"You put their breasts together to provoke them to fight. If they won't pick till you've ten times counted ten, you win the battle. So, you see, it is a great ndvantage to have the count. But if, at the end of a count, the other party's bird picks at your's, then he has the count, and keeps it till your cock nicks at his, and then you have the count aran. Sometimes the count changes back and forth that way or as hour, before the cocks will light, or eit for party wins the battle by getting ten consecutive counts. That is a slow business. But it is quick enough at other times when a cock is killed at the second blow."

HOW THE COCKS ARE PED.

"At what are do you begin to train a cock?"

"His coat and gills are usually cut off when he's two months old. His spurs are cut off when he's two months old. His spurs are cut off when he's a year old, and a white after that he's put in training, and kept at it, more or less, till he dies or is found out to be good for nothing?"

"What are they fed on when in training?"

"Well, trainers differ, and each thinks he knows the best, and every one has his secrets. But the great coint is to let 'em have their natural food—that's just what they'd get running out in summer—ns near as tooside. That's one point; another point is to keep 'em as dark and stil, and clean is no sible, while they'te up in the barrels, and to give 'em clean food. You must look out for their bowels too, and keep 'em enough blysicked out.

"Wh a it comes high to the main vou mast give 'em drying food, so as to harden their musele, dry 'em to, and get rid of their fat. If a cock is too fat he gets heavy on his feet a ter he has fought awhile, and staggers and goes down in the pit."

HOW THEY ARE EXERCISED. "How do you manage to give a cock exercise enough to work off his fat, and give him hardness and endurance of muscle, and make him long-warded."

do it in this way. You see this table. [Here you see, about three or four feet, or less, and keep a tossing him up, and every time we toss him, you see, he spreads als wrags to let himself down easy and steady. That, you see, exercises ill the muscles that belong to his wings. When we put our arm around him so, and run him back and jorth on the table so, and that brings out-call the muscles that belong to his less. And all thus time we feed him on the best load-outs, wheat, gravel, trush begistank, eggs, eggshells, and a few things that nobody will tell.

JUALOUSY A MOTIVE POWEL. It seems that some trainers, when their cocks get dull, put a hen in the room where the barrels stand, to excite their jealousy. The presence of the hen has an effect on the chauticleers like that of a single belt at a watering place upon a lot of beaux. They all become furious, and dash their heads at one another out of the holes in their barrels, and crow defiance in a desfening manner. Uncle John Ladiow says that kind of thing won't do—that it hurts the cocks more than it helps them; but other sportsmen consider it a big thing.

A POPULAR NOTION CORRECTED. It is generally supposed that game fowls are a users breed, so far as the utilities are concerned, but hat is a mistake. The flesh of the game chicken is astly superior to that of any other fowl, both in that is a mistake. The firsh of the game chicken is vastiv superior to that of any other fowl, both in substance and flavor. It is more compact and nutrilious, and is finer and pleasanter in tast. The eggs of game fowls are also superior to those of common fowls in height, autritiveness, and flavor. In short, blood tells in favor of the game fowl, as it does in everything else, in every respect, whether ornamental or useful.

A RATTLING COCK FIGHT.

How the Yale College Students and Westchester Sinners Eajoy Taemselves -Some at a Fashionable Watering-Place -The Old Daff-dils of Portchester in the Ring-The Nutmeg State Wins a Victory.

On Thursday afternoon a Sux reporter wantered into the depot at Portchester. While rambling near the baggage car of the 2.45 train from New York the clamorous crowing of numerous cocks met his ear. Stepping to the car he found some twenty bags containing a feathered champion sending forth his challenge by lusty crows. This was what the SUN reporter was after, and he made up his mind to stick o those bags. Upon his arrival in New Haven be lowed the Daffodlis as if one of the party, ensconced bimself in a corner of a buge 'bus in waitng at the depot, and thence was conveyed to that ovely spot (in summer) known as Savine Rock, Here a moticy crowd was assembled—the publicans and sinners aforesaid, the Daffedils and their friends freshmen and juniors from Yale and Harvard, got up in the nobbiest style, hair parted in the middle, exe-glasses, Lord Stapley scaris of as many colors as Joseph's coat, pea jackets, tight pants, and gorgeous as sunflowers; policemen, cracksmen, and others. There was the usual delay in weighing in. The SUN reporter took his sent in the dining-r containing the pit, a circle some cight feet to diame and covered with tan bark instead of the usual

was a shake bag. The New Haven bird was a yelwas a shake bag. The New Haven bird was a rel-low cyle, seven and a bair counds weight. He look-ed as bir and clumsy as a two-year old turkey. The Portenester bird was a black red, sha pounds weight, a scond Heesan. He caught, shock, struck, and fin siy "cooked the goose" of the estrict before the or rich knew he was fighting. The betting was stirtled, and in spite of the weight, was in layor of the black-red. He justified the good opinions of his jiends by winning the fight in some six minutes, corichester was exultant after this.

THE MAIN

Degun, four cocks and five stags having weighed in.

The first fight of the main was, on the part of New Haven, a white pyle, dark red saddle, weighing four sounds; the Portchester bird, four pounds two ounces, also a pyle, but with black feathers in his lat! These birds were a pair of duffers; bestead of sanding up and riving and taking, each sou bit to ever his head with his opponent's wing. The fight was fluidly finished by the New Haven bird laying out the careas of the Daffordi in some ten minutes.

The classical scholars were uproarrous.

SECOND FIGHT. After a most unusual delay on the part of the handlers, they brought in on the side of New Haven a yellow legged, four pounds three oune s, blues red, entury out a white hackle. The Portic ester bird was a fine, green-legged black red, of four pounds five ounces weight. These were a pair of raspers, catching oold anywhere, tail, head, or wing, a d striking three or four times before loosing. The betting was first in favor of one, then the other "Go it New Haven," "Give it to him Portchester," until finally after a fight of twent, miontes, duration the Savine Rock fellow sang, "Rock me to sieep, mother," and was drawn.

THE THIRD FIGHT. A brown red was shown on the side of New Haven, and a black red, turning out a white buckle, on the part of the countryman, the first weighing four pounds, fifteen ounces, and the second four pounds, fourteen ounces. These were another pair of good ones. Give and take was the order of the day, now now cown. The New Hayan his had best the pair of the day, now now cown. The New Hayan his had best to the first pair of the day, now have cown. The New Hayan his had best to the first pair of the day now.

Portchester brought out a dark, red saddle l pyle, a beauty to book at, but better at a quarter-race than at a came flant. The betting was very quiet, owing to the unexpected success of Portchester. He weighted four rounds, seven ounces. The New Hait is showed up a brown red, a perfect tarter ich turned the scale at four points, eight ounces, ir a fight (a ratifing one while it lasten) of eight ruts, the pyle left. Trem adous cheers from the action, and shapping of flogers from the firsh

New Haven brought in a beautiful black and red, weighing four pounds eight owners. Portchester again tried and her of Furly Lyan's pyes, weigning four bounds seven ounces. The black red was as good to fight as he was in looks. He drove the gaffs so often and so deep into the "Lyan's" back, wings and head, that the latter soon made up nis mind to follow his brother and start for home. Ropang should from the New Hayevers. "Where your duders?" "That's the kind we like to whip!" "Can do it so easy." The Forchister crowd wore very long faces, and felt about as bad as

This was the first of the star matches, and was a spended fight. The nuture Star showed up a brown red, weighing four pounds five concest the countryman browing out a brown red also, is weight the same as the other. The brids flow at car

THE SEVENTH PIGHT.

Sings of equal weights, four pounds eleven ounces, the publicans showing a goosn related their visitors the same, but cutting out a clue bottom. This was anybody's first or some time. First one, then the otter was the favorite, natif which blow had the New Haven bird heless at the test of his antaronist. Time of this struggle, five minutes. The

striving for bets of any amount on the issue of the

RIGHTH PIGHT OF THE MAIN A yellow-legged black-rid of four pounds seves ounces was shown by the entertainers, and a green-legged brown-red of same weight as the Favinite, by the visitors. This was another ripping fight. You know when "Greek meets Greek, then comes that tug of war," and so it was in this instance. First the publicans grinned audibly, but it died a way to the publicans grained audibly, but it died away to an expression of anguish, as their bird caught it let and heavy. Then, as the title of battle turned, you could see pain plainty written on the brows of the countrymen, but luck was against the "Sainers," and again the flag of victory was housted by the Portchesterfics. This was the conclaimed that of the number necessary to give victory to the "House of York," and the judge so decided. Countrymen rampant.

NINTE AND LAST FIGHT OF THE MAIN. NINTH AND LAST FIGHT OF THE MAIN.

Port chester-showed a brown red of four bounds eight ounces; the Numergers, a clack red, yellow legs, of four pounds seven ounces. This was another good fight, but only of four minutes' duration; as the black red got it so fast and so furious that he didn't like it, and quit the pit, fiving ingloriously from his gruel. Again New Haven dropped heavily, and it being 5 A. M. the Daffield started for home with pletnoric pockethouss, and were not asked. I am sorry to say, by the "publicans and sinners" to with pletnoric pockethoogs, and were not ask I am sorry to say, by the "publicans and samers" call again. We followed suit, and hastened to to

A REVEREND WHISKEY SPY.

Interesting History of Dr. Warrick Martin and his Associates-Sparious Affidavita Warnek Martin, who is waging a whiskey war

n this city, la connection with an old and intimate friend of the venerable Jesse Grant, has a decidelly noteworthy history. The facetious war who led our Reporter to call him "Julge" was in error, for he was never clothed with the judicial ermine. We learn that he was in early life, and up to the hour when he began his new vocation, an itenerant Methodist elergyman. He preached in Chicago, Cincinnati, and other cities of the great West, but fer some reason, yet unexplained, abandoned the pulpit to make raids upon the manufacturers of alconol in this city. He entered Judge Pierrepont's department at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and the Judge arrive: soon afterward, and having reached his private office, closed it against all possible introders. Mart'n rushed to see Mr. Pierrepont, and opened the door, but when the District-Attorney saw Martin's venerable face he raised his hands and said, "Engaged sir," and the ex-Parson stoned. Again summoning courage, he thrust his head into the office, and again only to hear the same forbidding " Engaged sir," and to reure. The Judge, however, called the Hon. A. H. Puriv, one of his as. sistants, and told him that he should like to see the

representative of THE SUN. PIERREPONT'S DISCOVERIES ABOUT MARTIN. Our reporter entered and found the District-Attorney engaged in conversation with the Han, B. R. Phelps in relation to the antecedents of Martin, Mr.

Pierrepont began the interview: "I should like you to state in THE SUN." he said. "that I have given no authority to Martin to institute proceedings against anybody. He came to me about three months ago with a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury authorizing lam to investigate revenue frauds, and I gave him, as you have correctlystated, a letter requesting the different Collectors to permit him to examine their records."

REPORTER—Did you subsequently revoke the authorities.

thority?

Ma. PIERREPONT—I did; I was led to revoke it from what I herel; and I have not seen him since that time till a 'ew days ago. I eacend tell how you obtained the letter about him, but it was a fact. MARTIN'S AUTHORITY FROM SUPERVISOR DUTCHER REPORTER-Can you tell me under what authority

MARTIN is action?

Martin is action?

Mr. PIERREPONT—As I told you before, I revoked the authority I save him, and I did not intend to permit him of himself to take proceedings in the cases he has instituted; but Mr. Supervisor Dutcher sent me a communication stating that he had examined the evidence in Martin's possession, all that he ought to be allowed to commence proceedings. Mr. Dutcher, you see, is responsible to a great extent for the action of Martin. Warn we find what is in the few cases he has commenced, we shall know how to act with the others.

shall know how to set with the others.

MR. PIERREPONT SEEKING LIGHT.

"I should like," continued Mr. Pierrepont, "te fied out everything about Martin, and the man Joseph Parrish, that you have referred to in The Sun. I have made dilicent inquiries about Martin, and I have discovered that he was a travelling Melloches preacher in Illinois, Ohlo, and other States a few years ago. I suppose he has come here to shell religious light on revenue matters. I should like to find how he obtained any authority from Washington."

REPORTER—His friends say he obtained it through Mr. iJoseph Parrish, an intimate friend of Jesse Grant, who used his puternal influence with the President to authorize Martin to bring saits is

"Who is this man Col. La Du ?" asked Mr. Pierrs.

who is the min Col. La Du y" asked Mr. Perrypont.

Mr. Phelles—They say he is an adventurer, whe
nsed to act as a lobbyist in Washinston. Re-eame
on here, you may remember, to assist Mr. Feilerton
and Binckley in preparing charges against esCommissioner Rollins and others—all of which were
dismissed. [La Du's witnesses, Methenry and others,
are in State Prison for perjury.] It is said that is
introduced himself to Martin through Binckley, and
informed him that he could unearth a great number

PIERREPONT'S OFINION OF BLACKMAILBES.

"I should like to find out all about this thing. If I discover that these men are using the Courts to blackmail merchants and others, I shall stop them at once. Supposing that frauds have been committed, that it is no reason why the perpetrators should be blackmailed."

We shall now give the history of Martin and his associates, as obtained from sworn affidavits.

associates, as obtained from sworn affidavits.

In an affidavit made by Col. Burke, one of Warrick Martin's agents, on the 20th of Cotober ast, he says that one Col. James D. Potter, who was in the employment of Martin, wanted him to make statements about whiskey frauds; but, when he replied that he had no facts on the subject, Potter told him that spurious affinavits would answer their purposes. This interview took place in Taylor's Hatel, Jersey City, and some of the spurious affidavits were subsequently prepared.

Thomas J. Radelid, another attaché of Martin's agreey, made an affidavit in which he says that he met Col. La Du and Potter in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, and that Potter told him to take the name of Waters, and he made affidavits under the latter name.

name.

JBSSE GRANT'S CIRCLE OF PRIENDS.

James D. Potter avers on oath that he resides at \$1 West Twelfth street, and does anothers at \$20 Broadway as a real estate ag nt. He was introduced in September last to a Mr. Perkins by deorde Flish, who was sent to pail some time ago for sebronation of perjury during the trial of Rolling. Perkins was a friend of Paritis (Josse Grant's early companion), and he was also a partner of Martin. Perkins to do him to get up the cases, and he sid hot care whether they were true or fictitions. He and him \$10, and when he came back in two weeks Perkins tool bin that the "whole thing was a delirand, and that Martin had not paid him as he had promised." La Du then intormed him that he would pay him \$5 a day for making affidavits against distillers and others. He promised to pay an additional sum on the termination of proceedings. Potter then remarked that he thought La Du wanted any klad of testimony to enable him to blackmant discussors. JESSE GRANT'S CIRCLE OF PRIENDS

How Pigneront's Letter was to "I told him (continued Porter) I would not be been to whatever stories he hard La Du then showed me a letter, pur have been directed by Judge Pierrepon have been directed by Judee Freerench, authorizing him to investigate reters. All the witnesses procured, with tion, were taken before M rim, in the U Hotel. They all gave fictions names. Eadcliff made an affidavit under the name waters, in which he professed that he man of a distillery at Ninth avenue and street. Other affidavits, made by Mar show that Mr. Knox, the law partner Palferton, who is under indictment, into nesses to Martin, and added his november. Takee facts show the inflamous change whiskey was in the United States Control.

THE SENTENCE OF RESECCA CETT. Judge Bedfers's Coas deratton for the Prise

oner's Child-The Woman Thanks His Lioner, out insists that She is insecent. In the Court of General Sessions yesterday, Mr. Spencer announced his intention of abandoning convicted of manslanghter in the third degree; and Judge Ecdford, in passing sentence, all

Ellen Rebecca Hett, son were Indicted be first gerree. The jury took a mercul-ace, and rendered a verificiof zull vor a tag third decree. After much refere